# PROSPECT,

OR

# RURAL SPORTS;

## A POEM.

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CONTAINING,

I. The Beauties of a Country Life, the Dawn of Day, the Roſy Morning, Hay and Corn Harveſt.

II. The Workmen buſy in the Field.

III. Partridge Shooting.

IV. Fox-Hunting.

V. The Neceſſity of the different Seaſons of the Year.

VI. Some ſerious Reflections on the Myſteries of the Creation.

To which is added,

## A LETTER

TO

## A Young Lady in *Worceſterſhire.*

---

Hear how the Birds, on every bloomy Spray,
With joyous Muſic wake the Dawning Day!
Why ſit we ſad when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear
And laviſh Nature paints the purple Year. POPE.

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By GEORGE ROBERTS, Gent.

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And lavish Nature paints the purple Year. Pope.

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# THE PROSPECT.

EARLY one Morn my Muſe and I aroſe,
And ſhook off Sloth, nor wanted more Repoſe:
Away we ſtray'd o'er verdant Plains and Hills,
Paſs'd by the ſilent Lakes and tinkling Rills.
Here Rivers ſerpentine amus'd the Eye,
And there the ſhady Foreſt we paſs'd by;
Where ſtately Stags went bounding thro' the Wood,
And golden Carps adorn'd the ſilver Flood.
Nor weary'd yet, but travelling on ſtill,
At length we gain'd the Summit of a Hill,
Whoſe lofty Forehead ſeem'd to bear the Skies,
And all the humble Vallies to deſpiſe.
Pleas'd with its Altitude thereon we ſtood,
To view the Beauties of a weſtern Wood;
Whoſe Top was even, level, green, and fair,
And Branches ſporting in the wanton Air;
Whilſt the Leaves verdant, buſtling in their Joys,
Compos'd an awful, ſolitary Noiſe.

But e'er we view'd the

Which grac'd the Hills, and gladden'd all the Plain:
The pendant Tears were ſoon exhal'd away
From Trees, that ſeem'd to mourn the abſent Day.
The watchful Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
Sung her *Te Deum*, on the Sun's Return:
Aloft ſhe ſoar'd; and, in her high Abode,
She warbled forth her Matins to her God.
The Shepherd too beheld the Streaks of Gold,
And haſten'd ſpeedily towards the Fold,
There to releaſe his Priſ'ners to the Plain,
Who bleating welcom'd *Phœbus* back again.
The rural Plowman whiſtling came along,
And *Dolly*, with her Milk-Pail, ſung a Song;
Whoſe Theme (if I remember right) was Love,
Chorus'd by all the Songſters of the Grove.
Her Snow-white Pail upon her Hip ſhe bore,
A Maſtiff Dog went trotting on before;
To which fair *Dolly* ſcarce had paſs'd the Word,
E'er he rous'd up the Dug-diſtended Herd.
Upon a three-leg'd Stool ſhe ſettled now,
Leaning her Head againſt a brindled Cow;
Preſs'd forth the Milk, with which her Hands ſhe wet,
To mollify the harden'd, ſtubborn Tet:
Then ſqueez'd again, and ſoon the alb'ous Flood
The ſnowy Pail fill'd, as beneath it ſtood.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, e'er her Sweetheart come

er Eaſtern Iſlands, or than any Cow's.
ometime they chatted, leaning o'er the Stile,
low *Dolly* frown'd, and now again would ſmile;
Vhilſt the great Dog, as *Roger* told his Tale,
ap'd the delicious Liquid from the Pail.

Thus did the Eaſt ſuch pleaſing Proſpects yield;
ill, turning Southward, we beheld a Field,
Vhoſe Breadth was ſpacious, and its Limits wide,
ong was its Diſtance too from Side to Side.
he beaut'ous Crop that did this Field adorn,
as healthy, ripe, and golden-colour'd Corn;
Vhoſe Surface, wav'ing in a ſportive Breeze,
imick'd the Motions of the curling Seas.
own in a Dale would go the pregnant Grain,
w to the Winds, then riſe erect again;
hilſt the tall Stems, top'd with the Food of Man,
ood with their Necks bent like the ſtately Swan.

As thus we look'd, behold the Farmer come;
ho view'd the Field, and wiſh'd his Crop at Home:
ck he return'd, but ſoon return'd again
ith Men and Sickles, to cut down the Grain.
on in their Shirts the willing Reapers ſtood,
d then began to cut the mimick Flood;
ith joyous Hearts attack'd the diff'rent Lands,

The ſcatter'd Ears, the Workmen left behind.
Sometimes they ſtop'd and hallow'd out, *Midland*,
On which the wooden Bottle's brought to Hand;
Plac'd to their Mouths, in guggling Kind of Notes,
Iſſu'd Refreſhment to their thirſty Throats.
Thus did they labour, 'till the Work was done;
And, when the Waggon loaded laſt for Home,
A Croud of People, as they drove away,
Expreſs'd their Pleaſures in a loud Huzza!

Behind the Reſt young *Phillomella* ſtay'd,
Loit'ring about; firſt this, then that Way ſtray'd.
A Rake was loſt on which *John*, with his Knife,
Had carv'd the Name of her he wiſh'd his Wife:
Upwards and downwards, 'till the Coaſt was clear,
In fruitleſs Searches rov'd the anxious Fair,
Wand'ring in Queſt of what was ſtole away
By *John*, to cauſe his *Phillomella*'s Stay.
*John*, who had long on t'other Side the Brook,
Lov'd *Phillomella* better than his Crook,
Left the ſad Mournings of the tinkling Rill,
To gain th' Advantage of a neighb'ring Hill;
From whence he ſaw his *Phillomella* rove,
And haſten'd to her on the Wings of Love:
Lucky the Scheme too happen'd for the Swain,
For *Phillomella* felt an equal Pain.

*To celebrate the Joys of Harveſt-Home?*
*Tell me,* (he cry'd) *that I may help to find,*
*The Pitchfork, or the Rake that's left behind?*

Poor *Phillomella* ſome Time ſilent ſtood,
With Breaſts like Snow, and Cheeks as Red as Blood;
Virtue untainted ſeem'd to work within,
And blue the Veins beneath her lilly Skin:
Her artleſs Eyes ſeem'd willing to reveal,
What Prudence ſtill conjur'd her to conceal.
Silent ſhe pinch'd a Leaf from off a Buſh,
Whilſt Modeſty adorn'd her with a Bluſh:
At laſt, in fault'ring Tone, ſhe Silence broke,
Looking another Way the while ſhe ſpoke;
And tell-tale Sighs compell'd her Breaſt to move,
Which Lovers call th' Ambaſſadors of Love.
*Alas!* (ſaid ſhe) *if I ſhould tell to you*
*What I have loſt; and what's, alas! too true,*
*Gentleman-like, you from my Arms would fly,*
*And ſcorn thoſe Eyes for which you feign to die;*
*At Market, ev'ry Mortal that you ſee,*
*You'd tell the Conqueſt you had made of me:*
*Loll'd o'er a Sack of Corn, you'd tell the Tale,*
*That* Phillomella *told you in the Vale:*
*On* Sundays *too (if you to Church ſhould go)*
*Boaſtingly you'd let all the Neighbours know;*

The Shepherd, who had heard his darling Maid
With Ears attentive, liſtening what ſhe ſaid,
*No Tongue* (cry'd he) *my Tranſports can reveal,*
*'Tis ſuch as faithful Lovers us'd to feel:*
*Believe me, deareſt* Phillomella *fair,*
*The Kite no more ſhall ſoar aloft in Air;*
*The Sun no more from Heaven dart his Beams,*
*Nor ſilver Fiſh delight in ſilver Streams;*
*The Birds no longer hail the welcome Dawn,*
*Nor harmleſs Lambs enjoy the flower'd Lawn;*
*The greedy Wolf no more for Prey ſhall rove,*
*When,* Phillomella, *I forget to love.----*
*Hear me, my Life---The Sun to Ice ſhall turn,*
*And yonder Lake like crackling Faggots burn;*
*The Ewe ſhall fright the Lamb, the Woods the Hare,*
*If ever I forget to love my Fair.*

The wounded Nymph, believing what he ſaid,
*Don't then* (ſaid ſhe) *deceive a harmleſs Maid;*
Then joyn'd their Hands, and ſo each other ſwore,
Each Day they liv'd, to love each other more.
This done, the Shepherd ſoon produc'd the Rake,
Then vow'd again his Love he'd ne'er forſake:
Content they parted, ſealing with a Kiſs;
The one went that Way, and the other this.

Nor did they for another Order ſtay:
Their mottled Sides look'd pretty in the Sun,
This Way they came, and that again they run.
Each Breeze that blow'd they turn'd aſide to ſmell,
O'er Ridges roſe, then down in Furrows fell;
'Till conſcious *Don*, who ſeldom us'd to fail,
Scented the Perſpiration of a Quail.
The Sportſman, who rode gently on behind,
Mended his Pace on ſeeing *Pedro* find;
Quitted his Horſe, then cock'd the Piece for Blood,
Whilſt ſteady *Pedro* like a Statue ſtood:
The other Pointers, ſeeing *Pedro* there,
All ſet behind, to ſhew an equal Care:
The Quail aroſe (preſuming ſhe was found)
Which fatal Shot knock'd headlong to the Ground.
Pleas'd with the Act we ſaw the Sportſman run
To view what Execution he had done;
He bagg'd the Bird, now eas'd of all her Pain,
Then wip'd the Pan, and charg'd his Piece again.

Not long from this the Pointers rang'd the Ground,
E'er lucky *Dido* on a Covey found;
Buſy ſhe ſeem'd, her Tail wav'd to and fro,
Firſt this, now that, then t'other Way ſhe'd go:
Certain at laſt, ſhe ſtole along in Fear;
Then drop'd, to prove the ſought-for Covey near.

His Extacy burſt out into a Flame.
One wretched Bird alone he pitch'd upon,
And to his Shoulder clap'd the fatal Gun;
True Sight he took, then pull'd the Trigger right,
And Lead, in Thunder, ſtop'd his ſpeedy Flight.

Scarce was he gone, e'er to'ards the Northern Wood
We heard a Voice cry, *Hark, Boys! hark, that's Good!*
Again old *Thunder* ſpent his chearful Tongue,
And all the Vallies with his Muſick rung.
*Go, hark to* Thunder; *hark again,* (he cry'd)
The Hounds the Order willingly obey'd;
Whimper'd at firſt, but ſoon their chearful Cries
Burſt in a Craſh, that reach'd the very Skies.
Then all was huſh'd, 'till *Thunder* hit again,
And challeng'd *Reynard* o'er the ſcented Plain:
The Drag they travers'd to a neighb'ring Wood,
And found the Murd'rer ſolacing in Blood:
Thence, all at once, ſuch Muſick did we hear,
As baniſh'd Sorrow, and expell'd Deſpair.
The Grove, at once, appear'd as if alive,
Each Dog againſt each other ſeem'd to ſtrive;
The Trees awoke to hear th' enlivening Hound,
And, Sportſmen-like, redoubled ev'ry Sound.
Pleas'd with the Cries, each lofty riſing Hill
Recoil'd the Muſick to the tinkling Rill;

nwilling ſtill the Thickets to forſake;
ut, drove ſo hard by ev'ry ſpeedy Hound,
t laſt was forc'd to travel foreign Ground:
e ſaw him go, then heard the chearful Horn,
arble in Notes far ſweeter than the Morn.
e ſaw the Hounds, and heard the Huntſman blow,
nd cry aloud, *Again*; *come*, *Tally-O*:
hen Blood ran warm, tho' Half before congeal'd,
nd ev'ry Breaſt of ev'ry Pain was heal'd.
he Hounds, well knowing what the Huntſman ſaid,
ack to the Scent, like fur'ous Lyons, fled;
here hung-down Hats directed them the Way,
or would the ſcenting Fox-Hounds longer ſtay;
own with the Wind they found old *Reynard* run,
nd thus at once the glorious Chace begun.
he conſcious Steeds, impatient for the Chace,
he pleaſing Summons willingly embrace;
hrew up their Heads, their Tails, did ſnort and blow,
s tho' they ſcorn'd to tread the Earth below;
hen champ'd their Bits, and ſpringing to the Chace,
efy'd the common Winds to keep 'em Pace:
iftly they ran without the leaſt Demur,
orning the Whip and penetrating Spur;
he Vale with all their joyous Muſick rung,
nd over Gates, like freſh rous'd Stags, they ſprung;
hilſt Echo told the Woods and Hills around,

And working Flanks, the Woods he fought once more;
Then try'd the Hills, some secret Cave to find,
Whilst the staunch Hounds came checking on behind:
But, finding all his vulpine Arts to fail,
His stinking Pis he scatter'd on his Tail;
And as the leading Hounds, with dreadful Cries,
Came near his Breech, he swish'd it in their Eyes:
But that indeed ne'er signify'd a Rush,
*Thunder* ne'er valu'd any Fox's Brush;
Bold he advanc'd, and seiz'd him by the Throat,
And to a Period soon old *Reynard* brought.

One of the Sportsmen (fleetest in the Field)
Chanc'd to ride up and see old *Reynard* yield;
Leap'd from his Horse, and quickly cut away
The Fox's Tail, the Trophy of the Day.
Soon after, all the other Huntsmen come,
With joyous Eyes, to view the Vermin's Doom:
A Foot from *Reynard* soon was sever'd off
To decorate the Bowl, from whence they quaff
Enliv'ning Nectar, when back they return
To 'Squire's Hall, where bouncing Faggots burn.
Poor *Thunder* oft they prais'd, and stroak'd amain;
Spet in his Mouth, then stroak'd him o'er again;
And all declar'd (as soon as that was done)
*Thunder* the stauncheſt Hound that ever run.

*That* Reynard *to the World has bid Farewel.*

The Huntſman blew the Death upon the Dale,
Which Echo mimick'd in the verdant Vale.
Homewards they rode, as ſoft as Foot could fall,
(For ne'er a Horſe could Gallop 'mongſt them all;)
And when, at 'Squire's Houſe, again they met,
To eaſe their Hunger and their Spirits wet;
A milk-white Cloth they found in Waiting ſpread,
With Knives and Forks, and Plates, with home-bak'd Bread.

Into the Hall the Hunters ſcarce were got,
E'er a fine Joint went ſmoaking from the Pot;
On which when they had ſate and pick'd a Bit,
Another follow'd hiſſing from the Spit.
Thus they laid on, no Dainties wanted there,
Hunger their Sauce, and Boil'd and Roaſt their Fare;
The great Black-Jack went circling with the Sun,
And thus they eat and ſtuff'd 'till they had done:
When Pipes were introduc'd, with flowing Bowls,
To chear their Hearts and elevate their Souls.
Reviving thus the tired Sportſmen ſat;
The Fortune of the Chace was all their Chat:
An Arm loll'd this, a Leg ſtretch'd t'other Way,
Whilſt here and there a favourite Fox-Hound lay:
No Cares of State e'er enter'd eithers Head;
But fill'd and reſted, they repair'd to Bed.

For what intended? what would be his Doom?

We paus'd awhile---And thus my Muſe begun;
*Turn, and behold* (cry'd he) *yon burning Sun;*
*Which, at the Dawn, we ſaw give Life to Day,*
*Gladen the World, and chace the Night away:*
*Tho' Darkneſs had her ſable Mantle ſpread*
*Around the Fields, the Dales, and flow'ry Mead;*
*When he peep'd o'er the Hills, with golden Train,*
*The Night ſneak'd off, to hide herſelf again;*
*Nor dares her gloomy Aſpect but be gone,*
*Where e'er that Sun adorns the Horizon:*
*Whence let's conclude her Maſon of all Guile,*
*And welcome only to the Baſe and Vile:*
*And near that dazzling, radiant Sun's Abode,*
*Exiſts a mighty and a potent* GOD;
*Who form'd this World, and, for his Pleaſure, made*
*The roaring Thunder, and the peaceful Shade.*

*Next let us view the ſolitary Wood,*
*And glaſſy Surface of the ſilent Flood:*
*Here we can ſee a calm and peaceful Shore,*
*And there again mountaneous Billows roar.*
*Behold the Thorns in yonder Thicket grow;*
*Then ſee the fragrant ſcented Myrtle blow:*
*See the Carnation and the bluſhing Roſe,*

*See yonder Plain, which* barren *look'd before,*
*With lovely Daiſies now* enamel'd *o'er;*
*Where pretty, little, bleating Lambkins bound,*
*Running their Races o'er the turfy Ground.*
*Hark! how the Lark, in* warbling Notes *above,*
*Sings to her Mate below* reſponſive Love.
*O! ſee yon cruel Hawk, who heard her Sound,*
*Has ſtruck her, like a Pebble, to the Ground.*
*What gave that Lark her pretty, mottled Breaſt?*
*Who told her of what Size to form her Neſt?*
*Who tells her that her Young ſhall here be dry,*
*Free from* Oppreſſion, *and in* Safety *lie?*
*Who tells her ſuch, and ſuch, will be compleat,*
*To keep her Young ſufficiently in Heat?*
*Who is her Guide, when ſhe Abroad does roam*
*For Meat, to feed her Family at Home?*
*Who tells her this or that is wholeſome Food?*
*Or who directs her to the liquid Flood?*
*Who bids her ſoar aloft to hail the Dawn,*
*And chaunt her Matins o'er the* flower'd Lawn?
*What Hand directs her at the ſetting Sun,*
*When all her* neceſſary *Labour's done,*
*Homewards, with ſpeedy Pinions to repair,*
*And bleſs her young Ones with a* Mother's Care?

*In Search of Something to ſuſtain their Brood.*
*How painful does his Abſence ſeem to be?*
*Hark, how ſhe mourns, and flies from Tree to Tree:*
*Fearful ſhe ſeems left, while ſhe's in the Grove,*
*Some fatal Markſman ſhou'd deſtroy her Love.*
*Look! Look, he's come!---Obſerve how glad ſhe is;*
*Her Joys how perfect; how compleat her Bliſs:*
*See how they bill and cooe, and how ſincere*
*He ſeems to be, on meeting with his Fair.*
*See, now ſhe's ſtown; and now it is his Turn,*
*In Solitude, his deareſt Mate to mourn:*
*But, as ſhe glides beyond the neighbouring Plain,*
*What can direct her ſafe Return again?*
*No Marks, no Footſteps does ſhe leave behind;*
*Her Feathers only play upon the Wind;*
*Where Globes of Air rowl off to make her Space,*
*Which, when ſhe's gone, again rowl into Place;*
*So that the* wiſeſt Mortals *cannot tell*
*Where ſhe ſoar'd up, or where again ſhe fell.*

*Next let us view the Seaſons of the Year,*
*How faithful, and how conſtant they appear!*
*See* Spring *renew the Trees and fragrant Bowers,*
*Indulg'd with moiſt'ning Air, and gentle Showers:*
*See* Summer *next, in golden Sunſhine come,*
*To forward what the* Spring *before begun:*
*See* Autumn *now, rewarding all our Pains*

*See Hills, see Vales, see all with Grass crown'd,*
*See Earth, see Seas, see all the Sun goes round:*
*I say, see these, and we must own each Hour*
*Must needs be govern'd by extraneous Power:*
*And from that Power extraneous first began,*
*The base, ungrateful, worthless Creature, Man.*

*But what is that extraneous Power we boast?*
*O! how are we in fruitless Searches lost!*
*What can that be that never yet began!*
*Yet form'd the Earth, the Heavens, and the Man?*
*What can that be which Nothing can befriend!*
*Yet was, and is, and will be without End?*
*Infinite, will eternally endure,*
*A self-existent, immaterial* POWER!
*If form'd with Matter, we may justly say,*
*Like other Matter, then it would decay;*
*And, if not Matter, how then can it be?*
*For Nothing's Nothing to Eternity.*

*But come, let's try what Reason here can do;*
*What gave a Being first to* me *and* you?
*If Beings to ourselves* we *could have given,*
We *would have been before this World, or Heaven.*
*How could* we *e'er have view'd this fragrant Earth,*
*Had not* our *Parents firstly gave* us *Birth?*
*When then Beings Backwards still trace on,*

*But now, alas! I fear we both are loſt,*
*How in* abſurd Ideas *are we toſs'd!*
*Let's ceaſe the deep unfathomable Tale,*
*For learned Prieſts and Biſhops to reveal;*
*Who in their Search, no doubt, will find it ſo,*
*That all they know is,* That they Nothing know.
*But whoſoe'er would find a bleſt Abode,*
*Let him believe, and own there is a* God:
*And not believe alone, but ſerve him true;*
*Then ſhall he, when to Earth he bids adieu,*
*Die with a Smile, lie peaceful in his Tomb,*
*'Till rous'd to Raptures of a Life to come:*
*And when arriv'd at that all happy Place,*
Christ *he ſhall ſee, and talk with* Face to Face:
*He who redeem'd Old* Adam's *fatal Loſs,*
*Whoſe precious Side was wounded on the Croſs;*
*He whom the* cruel Jews *ſpet on and beat,*
*And to the Tree with Nails confin'd his Feet:*
*Aloft his deareſt Hands were ſpread abroad;*
*All which,* for us, *he ſuffer'd, tho' a God.*
*The Angels Arch, and Cherubims beſide,*
*With all the Saints that ever liv'd or dy'd,*
*There he ſhall ſee, praiſing (in Order ſtood)*
*The bleſſed* Jesus, *who redeem'd our Blood.*
*Endleſs his Bleſſings! infinite his Reſt!*
*For ever comforted! for ever bleſt!*
*Triumphant trampling on the ſpangled Skies:*

*And pay your* God *the* Tribute of a Tear.

*Be once advis'd; you know the Task is great,*
*And ſhort the Time, ſuch Buſineſs to compleat:*
*Begin with Heart and Soul, and do it well,*
*Leſt thou art doom'd to* gnaſh thy Teeth in Hell;
*Where ſwelling Seas of liquid Fire rowl,*
*And never-ceaſing Devils plague the Soul;*
*Where Conſcience gnaws, and deadly Vipers ſting,*
*And dreadful Caves, with dreadful Screamings ring.*

Thus ſpoke my Muſe; and then we travell'd Home,
To guard againſt ſo hard, ſo ſad a Doom:
For who, that's Wiſe, ſuch Dangers would not ſhun?
Since none but Fools would chooſe to be undone.

TO

TO

# Miſs *S*--------, of *D*--------,

## *In Anſwer to a* LETTER *bearing Date,* MAY ----, 1754.

THO' you, in Words like Vinegar and Gall,
(Deadly as Scorp'ons Stings, or *Adam*'s Fall)
Command me henceforth ſilently to mourn
In Flames unpity'd, and unpity'd burn:
Yet here forgive me, adamantine Fair,
(For Gods will hear the vileſt Sinner's Pray'r)
If I my Diſobed'ence once ſhould prove,
And 'plaining Verſe ſhould ſing that wounded Love,
Which muſt endure with all the Springs of Youth,
The Rocks of Ages, and eternal Truth.

Oh! curs'd forever be that livid Day
On which you came, and ſtole my Peace away;
On which your Eyes ſuch Daggers did impart,
As ſtabb'd my Soul, and [illegible]

When hoarſe-pip'd Rooks began to hail the Morn?
But now, alas! how ſadly's chang'd the Scene!
And, from that Hour, how wretched have I been!
No longer pleaſes (once) the pleaſing Shore,
But Willows thrive where Myrtles grew before:
That Heart, which once ſcarce knew how 'twas to burn,
Too well now knows the Cauſe why Lovers mourn;
That Breaſt, that lately could its Freedom boaſt,
Now in a ſecond *Ætna*'s almoſt loſt;
Mourns the ſad Change, and, with continu'd Sighs,
Blows up the Flame in which the Lover dies.

Come from my Eyes then ev'ry friendly Tear,
Let's mourn the Loſs of ev'ry Thing that's dear,
*M*-----y decrees me wretched'ſt of the Vale,
And dooms my Sighs to join the dying Gale.
O! painful State; let ev'ry friendly Fair
Pity my Fate, and drop a friendly Tear.

But 'tis not you (my Life) that ſtabs my Heart,
Tis cruel Duty acts the murd'ring Part;
Virtue, like thine, I'm ſure can never err,
Nor Father's Rage, nor Mother's Frowns incur:
You're wiſe (my Soul) thy Reſolution's good,
And proves thy Duty's mingled with thy Blood.
But, Oh! that Duty widens ſtill my Sore,

Which makes the Wires all tremble to your Will,
At the ſweet Preſſure of your Fingers crouch,
Whilſt I, in Abſence, envy them the Touch:
For here I ſwear (when Peace is made Above)
My dying Breath ſhall be to bleſs my Love.

If ever Fate ſhould you in Wedlock join,
With one whoſe Stars are happier than mine,
Remember *Rowe*'s moſt delicate Advice;
The Words are worthy, witty, wiſe, and nice:
Read them then here----"Be cautious whom you truſt,
" For ſeldom will you find that Fools are juſt:
" Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
" How few have been by Men of Senſe betray'd?"

Now, let me bleſs you----Go then, deareſt Fair,
To Heav'ns tender'ſt and peculiar Care;
And may that God, who governs endleſs Reſt,
Guide you in this, and all Things for the beſt:
May his right Arm (ſo long as you ſhall live)
Bleſs you with all the Bleſſings he can give;
And, when entomb'd in ſilent Earth you lie,
Crown you with Laurels that will never die.
Theſe are the Pray'rs, and ſhall be to the End,
Of him who begs to be, at leaſt, your Friend.